



NEW : TOMMY TOMORROW



JAN.

No.128

Ten Cents

ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

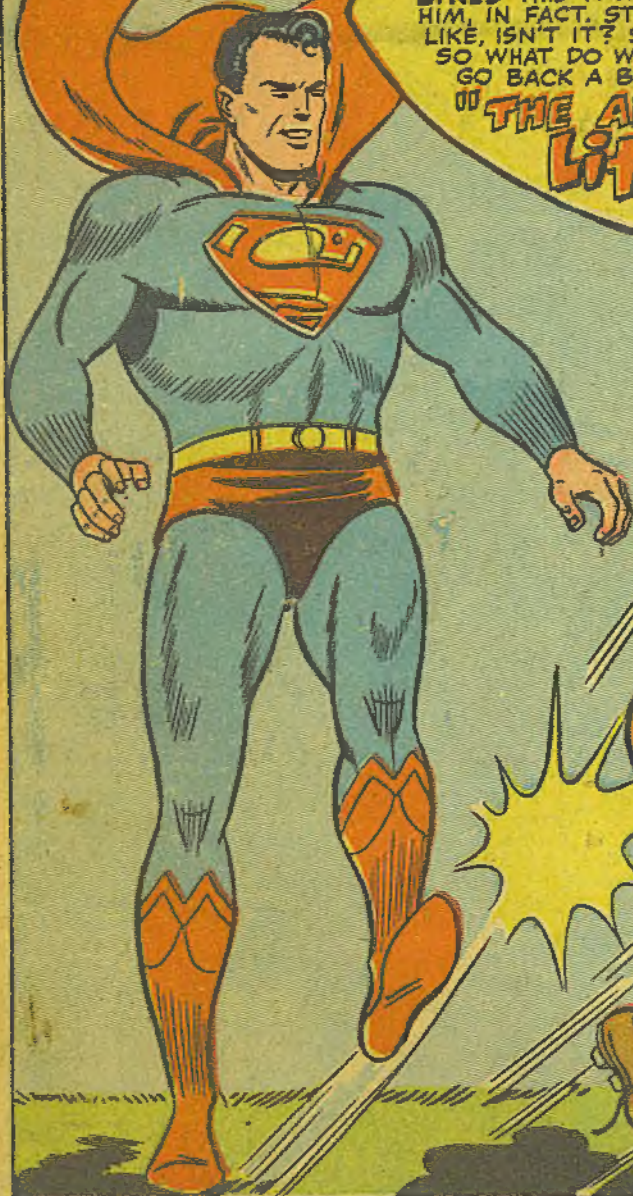
How
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO PLAY
FOOTBALL WITH
SUPERMAN?

Read: *"The
Adventure
of
Little Red"*



SUPERMAN

WHAT'S THIS?? THE MAN OF STEEL
KICKING A POOR LITTLE KID? WHY
DOESN'T HE PICK ON SOMEBODY HIS OWN SIZE?
AND THE FUNNY THING ABOUT IT IS THAT SUPERMAN
LIKES THIS PARTICULAR KID-- LIKES AND ADMIRES
HIM, IN FACT. STRANGE WAY TO TREAT SOMEBODY YOU
LIKE, ISN'T IT? SO WHAT HAVE WE GOT?-- A MYSTERY.
SO WHAT DO WE DO TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY?-- WE
GO BACK A BIT AND LOOK IN ON SUPERMAN AND
"THE ADVENTURE OF
Little Red!"



ACTION COMICS, No. 128, Jan., 1949. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

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Printed in U.S.A.



AT THE OFFICES OF THE **DAILY PLANET** IN METROPOLIS, REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE CONFER WITH THEIR EDITOR...

TICKETS FOR THE BENEFIT FOOTBALL GAME FOR THE **PLANET'S** OPEN AIR FUND FOR POOR YOUNGSTERS ARE GOING LIKE HOTCAKES.

GLAD TO HEAR IT, CHIEF. IT'S CERTAINLY A WORTHY CAUSE!

I WONDER WHO WILL WIN--"ACES" DUCEY'S **TIGERS** OR **BIG RED ROLLINS' BEARCATS**?

WITH **BIG RED ROLLINS**-- ALL-TIME, ALL-STAR, ALL-AMERICAN-- AT FULL-BACK, THE **BEARCATS** ARE THE HEAVY FAVORITES. THEY SHOULD WIN. AND .YET--

AND YET WHAT?



HEADQUARTERS OF "ACES" DUCEY, GAMBLING CZAR OF METROPOLIS...

SPREAD THE MONEY ALL OVER TOWN. GET AS MUCH ODDS AS YOU CAN.

BUT, ACES, YOU'RE GONNA LOSE A **FORTUNE**! OUR BOYS ARE **TOUGH**, BUT THEY AIN'T NO MATCH FOR THAT **BIG RED**!

YEAH, BOSS. HE'LL KNOCK THE STRIPES OFF'N OUR **TIGERS**!



DON'T WORRY, BOYS. STUPID STANLEY WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

WHO?-- ME??

YEAH, YOU!



ALL YOU GOTTA DO, STUPID STANLEY, IS INVITE **BIG RED ROLLINS** TO YOUR RESTAURANT FOR DINNER TONIGHT-- AND SEE THAT HE GETS JUST SICK ENOUGH SO HE CAN'T PLAY IN THAT GAME TOMORROW!

GARSH, ACES, THAT'S **EASY**! PRACTICALLY EVERYONE WHO EATS IN MY RESTAURANT GETS SICK!

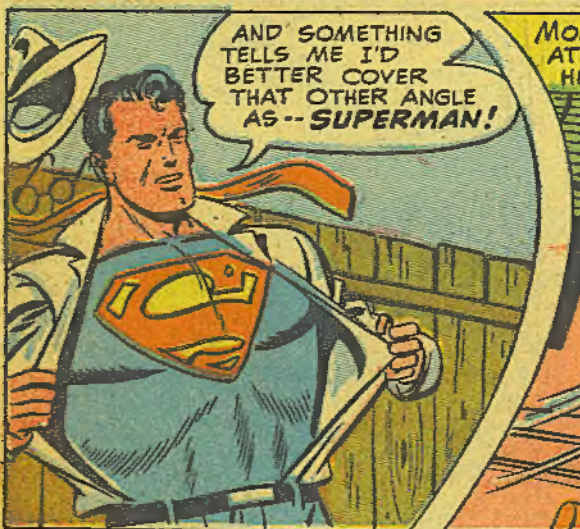


THAT EVENING...

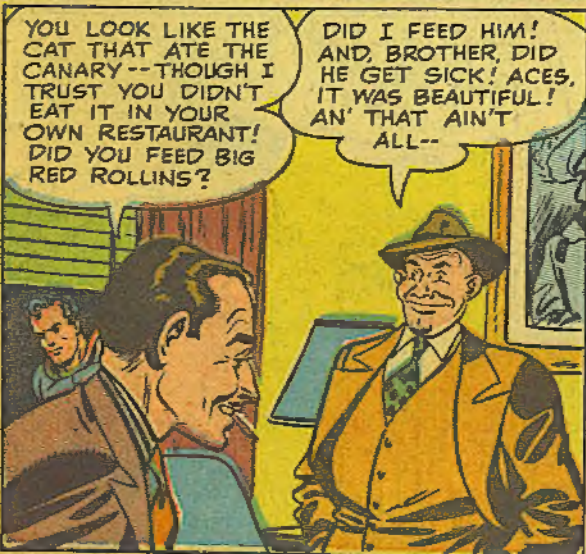
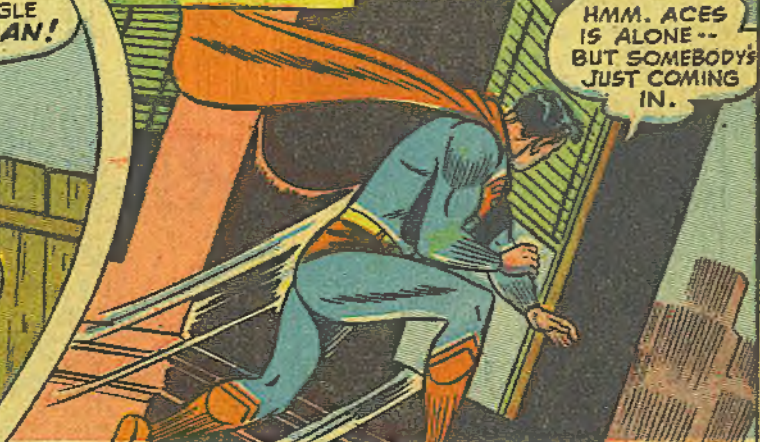
IF WHITE'S RIGHT ABOUT ACES DUCEY BETTING HEAVILY ON THE **TIGERS**, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, UNLESS...

UNLESS **BIG RED ROLLINS** IS OUT OF SHAPE, OR ACES PLANS SOMETHING CROOKED. LET'S DROP IN AT **BIG RED'S** HOME!





MOMENTS LATER, THE MAN OF STEEL EAVESDROPS AT THE WINDOW OF ACES DUCEY'S SKYSCRAPER HEADQUARTERS...





FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR, SUPERMAN VISITS THE CAPTAINS OF ALL THE BEST FOOTBALL TEAMS IN THE STATE -- WITH DISCOURAGING RESULTS...

I'D LIKE TO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BEARCATS, SUPERMAN-- BUT MY TEAM WOULDN'T GO ON THE FIELD AGAINST THOSE TIGERS! SORRY!

THOSE TIGERS ARE THE MEANEST, DIRTIEST, FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN THE WORLD! THEY'D **MURDER** MY BOYS! SORRY!

LOTS OF MY GUYS HAVE FAMILIES, SUPERMAN! I COULDN'T ASK 'EM TO PLAY THOSE TIGERS! SORRY!

NEXT DAY, AT METROPOLIS MUNICIPAL STADIUM...

BRRR, IT'S COLD!

STOP COMPLAINING, CLARK!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED AT THE TICKET WINDOWS...

GO AWAY, LITTLE BOY!

OH, THAT'S TERRIBLE! IT MEANS THAT HUNDREDS OF POOR YOUNGSTERS WON'T GET TO GO TO CAMP NEXT SUMMER!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO ABOUT IT?

HMM... THAT YOUNGSTER LOOKS LIKE LITTLE RED ROLLINS!

MR. ACES DUCEY'S TIGERS ARE ON THE FIELD, READY TO PLAY, BUT SINCE THE BEARCATS ARE NOT HERE, THE TIGERS WIN BY **DEFAULT**!

LITTLE BOY, STOP TUGGING AT MY SLEEVE!

HERE! GIVE ME THAT MICROPHONE!

I WILL NOT! AND THE TIGERS **DON'T** WIN BY DEFAULT! THE BEARCATS ARE **SO** HERE! I'M THE BEARCATS!

BRING 'EM ON! I'LL PLAY ALL THOSE BIG BABOONS MYSELF!

YOU? ONE SMALL BOY AGAINST THOSE STEAMROLLERS? IMPOSSIBLE! MOST UNFAIR!

MAYBE IF I HELPED HIM--?

SUPERMAN! I--I HATE TO REFUND ALL THE MONEY PAID TO SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE, BUT--

I AIN'T PLAYIN' AGAINST **DAT** GUY!

NO SIR! HE'S PUT MOST OF US IN D'CLINK ONE TIME OR ANUDDER! **DAT** GUY'S **POISON!**

RELAX! WHEN I GET THROUGH MAKING RULES, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO A **THING!**

How did CLARK KENT manage to switch to SUPERMAN and get to the field without divulging his identity to LOIS? SUPER-SPEED, OF COURSE. LEAVING HIS GLASSES AND HAT PROPPED IN THE FOLDS OF HIS HEAVY BLANKET, HE LEFT THE GRANDSTAND FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE COULD FOLLOW. HE HAS TO HOPE THAT LOIS IS SO ANNOYED AT HIM THAT SHE WON'T BOTHER SPEAKING TO THE DUMMY...

I'M NOT TO KICK OR PASS THE BALL, OR RUN WITH IT, OR RECEIVE OR RUN INTERFERENCE, OR TACKLE ANY OPPONENT. OKAY, I AGREE.

MIGOSH, WHAT **CAN** HE DO?

NOTHING, SONNY, NOTHING-- BUT THAT'S **YOUR** HARD LUCK. PLAY BALL!

SO BEGINS THE STRANGEST FOOTBALL GAME OF ALL TIME--ELEVEN MEN AGAINST ONE SMALL, GAME YOUNGSTER AND A SUPERMAN SEEMINGLY RENDERED HELPLESS BY THE RULES!

NICE KICK, RED! NOW--JUST TRY NOT TO GET TRAMPLED WHEN THEY RUN IT BACK!

I'LL BRING 'EM DOWN LIKE A TON O' BRICKS!



BUT A TIGER HALFBACK RECEIVES THE KICK, AND--

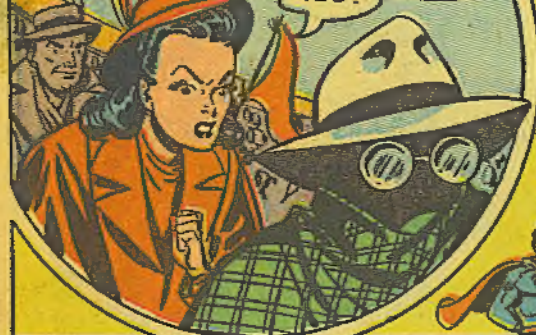
ONE SIDE, SMALL FRY!

OOF!

TSK! TSK! I TOLD HIM TO STAY OUT OF THE WAY!



CLARK, HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE SO CALMLY WHEN THOSE BRUTES KEEP WALKING ALL OVER THAT LITTLE BOY! AND I'M JUST AS MAD AT SUPERMAN, TOO!



AN' THERE GOES THE PERNT AFTER TOUCHDOWN! THE SCORE IS NOW SEVEN TO NOTHIN'!

WIT' SUPERMAN UNABLE TO PARTICIPATE, IT'LL END UP SEVEN HUNDRED TO NOTHIN'!



AND WHEN IT IS LITTLE RED'S TURN TO RECEIVE, HE CATCHES THE BALL IN THE END-ZONE, BUT...

A SAFETY!

THREE MORE PERNTS FER US!

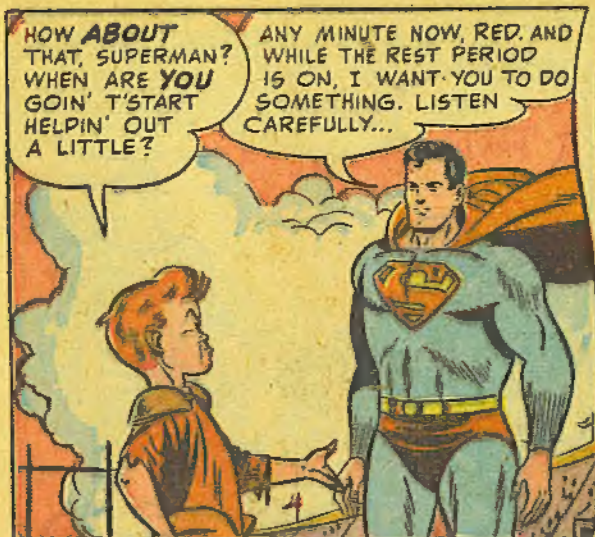


AND SO IT GOES, UNTIL THE END OF THE FIRST HALF...

TERRIFIC! A HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN TO NOTHING! I'M GONNA WIN A FORTUNE ON THIS GAME!

I GOTTA ADMIT THAT KID IS GAME--AN' THE SUPER-GUY JUST STANDS AROUND HELPLESS--LIKE, DOIN' NOTHIN'!



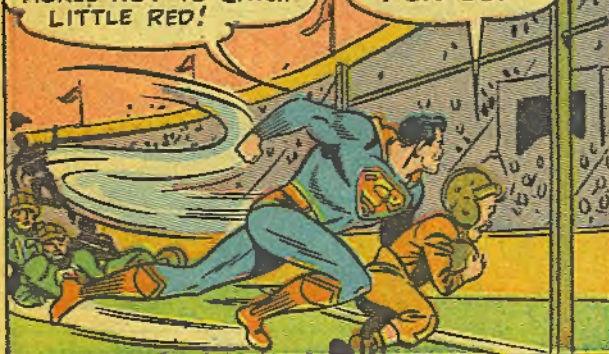




SUPERMAN ZOOMS PAST THE BEWILDERED TIGERS AT SUPER-SPEED TO THE FAR END OF THE FIELD, AND --

-- AND I AGREED NOT TO **CATCH** THE BALL -- BUT I DIDN'T AGREE NOT TO CATCH LITTLE RED!

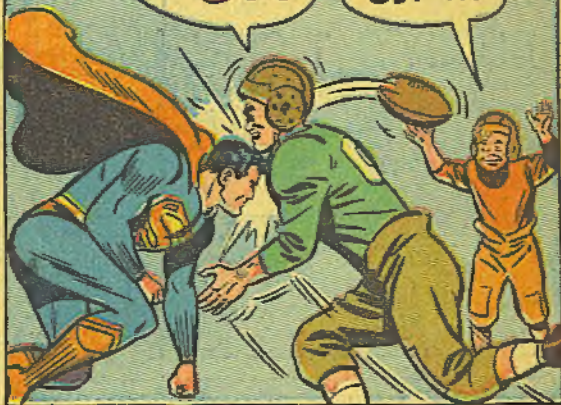
YOWIE! OUR FIRST TOUCHDOWN! SIX POINTS FOR US!



AND WHEN THE TIGERS RECEIVE THE NEXT KICKOFF --

OOF!

A FUMBLE! -- AND I'M GONNA GET IT!



FOUL! AGAINST THE RULES! YOU TACKLED HIM!

NOT AT ALL! I JUST HAPPENED TO GET IN FRONT OF HIM -- AND HE RAN INTO ME!

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!



THE NEXT PLAY...

WHERE **ARE** THEY? SUPERMAN AN' THE BRAT WAS HERE A **MINUTE** AGO!

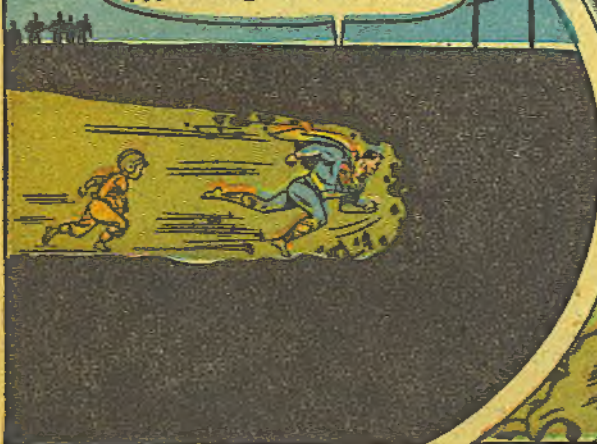
DEY CALLED SIGNALS -- AN' THEN **DISAPPEARED!**

BUT **HOW?** -- WHERE?



THE EXPLANATION: SUPERMAN HAD DUG A TUNNEL THE LENGTH OF THE FIELD WITH HIS BARE HANDS...

NOBODY COULD CALL THIS **RUNNING** INTERFERENCE!



TOUCHDOWN!

THAT WAS SUPER, SUPERMAN, BUT WE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!

WHICH MEANS WE'VE STILL GOT TO KEEP TRYING!



AND WHEN THE WEIRDEST FOOTBALL GAME OF ALL TIME ENDS...

DUCEY'S TIGERS 147
RED'S BEARCATS 148

BANG



IF YOU WANT TO SIT THERE LIKE A BUMP ON A LOG WHEN YOU OUGHT TO BE ON YOUR FEET CHEERING, ALL RIGHT! I'M LEAVING! GOODBYE, MR. KENT!



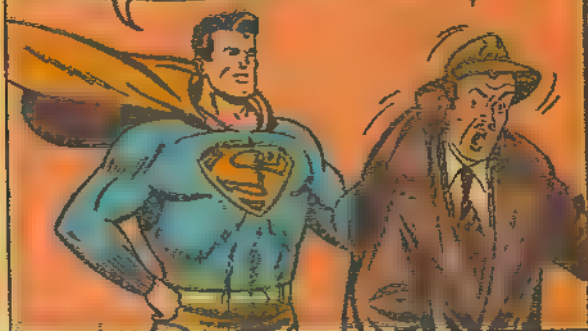
TRICKERY! YOU BEAT US WITH TRICKERY... AND COST ME A FORTUNE!

...WHICH YOU EXPECTED TO WIN BY TRICKERY! NO, MR. ACES DUCEY, YOU MADE THE RULES, AND I PLAYED BY THEM. AND NOW IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER--



AT THE RESTAURANT OF STUPID STANLEY STETSON--WHERE LITTLE RED'S BROTHER AND HIS ENTIRE TEAM DINED LAST EVENING!

OH, NO, PLEASE! NOT THAT! DON'T MAKE ME EAT AT STUPID STANLEY'S! ANYTHING BUT THAT!



BETTER HELP HIM EAT, STUPID STANLEY, THE POOR MAN SEEMS TOO SCARED TO HELP HIMSELF!

NNNNNNNN

GOLLY, SUPERMAN, I DON'T BLAME HIM. THE MENU TODAY IS TH' WORST COOKIN' OF MY ENTIRE CAREER OF HORRIBLE COOKIN'!

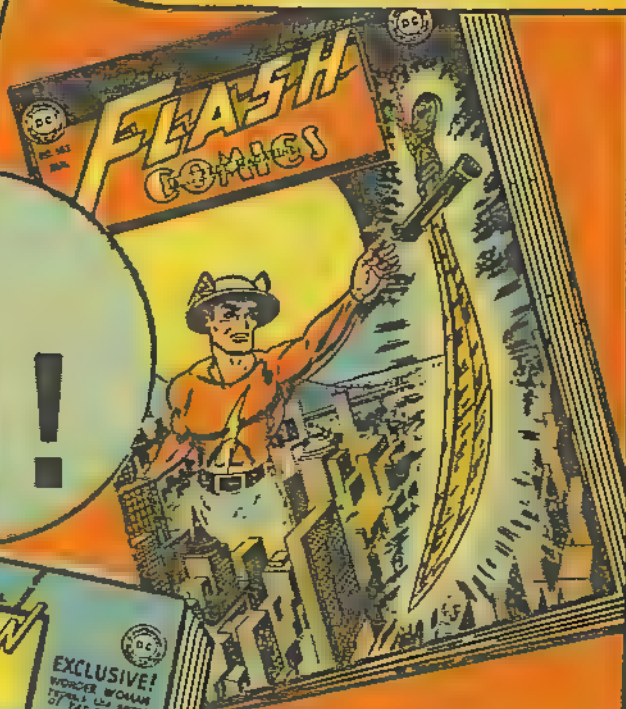
--AN' THE FACT THAT HE THINKS STUPID STANLEY IS A GHOST ISN'T HELPIN' HIS APPETITE, EITHER!





**For
THRILLS!**

**For
ACTION!**



ASK

FOR THESE MAGAZINES
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!



CONGO BILL

THE RICHEST DIAMOND BEDS IN THE WORLD LIE IN THE "BLUE EARTH" OF KIMBERLY, SOUTH AFRICA. AND TO KIMBERLY COME WORLD-FAMOUS THIEVES, STAKING THEIR LIBERTY AGAINST A CHANCE FORTUNE. NO WONDER, THEN, THAT WHEN WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY INSURES THE NEWEST FIND OF THE MINES — THE 236-CARAT "CROWN OF AFRICA" — IT SENDS OUT A HURRY CALL FOR CONGO BILL! BUT THIS IS TO BE THE ONE TIME...

"WHEN CONGO BILL FAILS!"



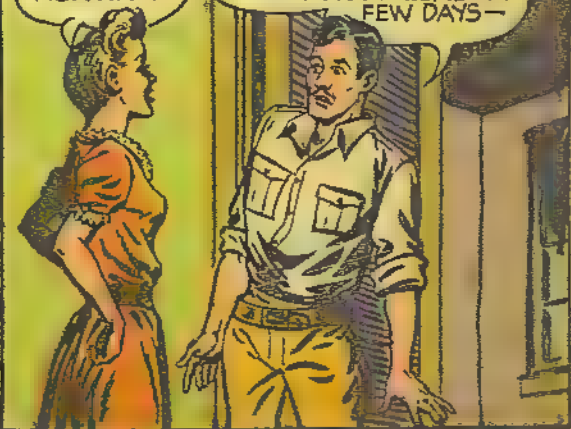
IN A LITTLE HOTEL ROOM OFF LONGMARKET STREET IN CAPETOWN...

IF I'M CAREFUL
MAYBE I CAN GET
AWAY WITHOUT
BEING SEEN—



WHITHER AWAY,
CONGO BILL?
GOING
HUNTING?

YES, IF YOU MUST KNOW!
I FIGURE WORLD-WIDE
INSURANCE COULD SPARE
ME FOR AT LEAST A
FEW DAYS—



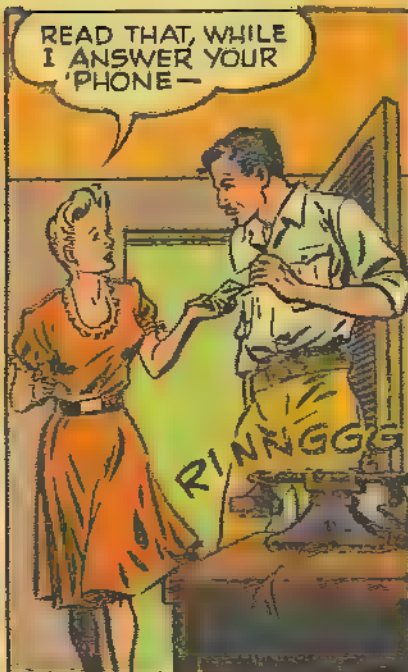


WELL, IT CAN'T. YOU'VE BEEN DETAILED TO GUARD THE NEW DIAMOND, THE CROWN OF AFRICA!...

READ THAT, WHILE I ANSWER YOUR 'PHONE—

OH, YOU DON'T SAY! MY GOODNESS! THAT'S AWFUL!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE NOW?

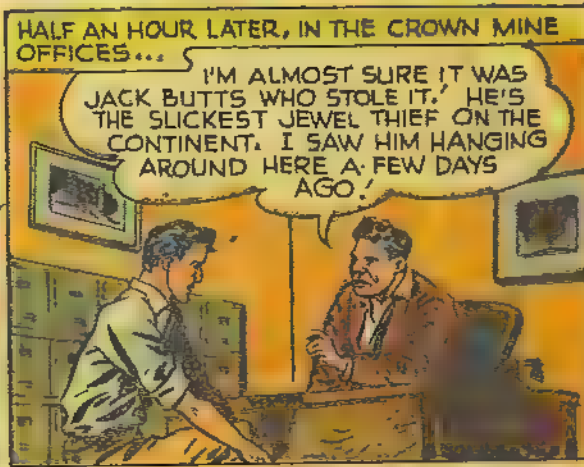
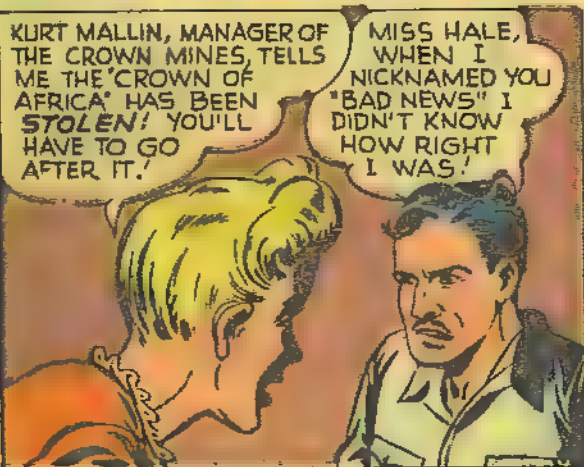


KURT MALLIN, MANAGER OF THE CROWN MINES, TELLS ME THE 'CROWN OF AFRICA' HAS BEEN **STOLEN**! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER IT!

MISS HALE, WHEN I NICKNAMED YOU "BAD NEWS" I DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT I WAS!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN THE CROWN MINE OFFICES...

I'M ALMOST SURE IT WAS JACK BUTTS WHO STOLE IT. HE'S THE SLICKEST JEWEL THIEF ON THE CONTINENT. I SAW HIM HANGING AROUND HERE A FEW DAYS AGO!

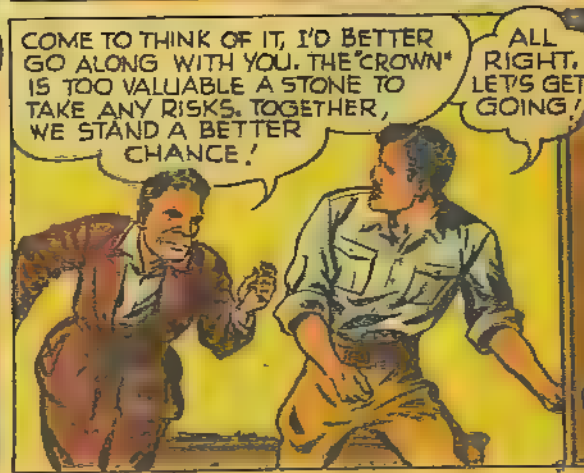
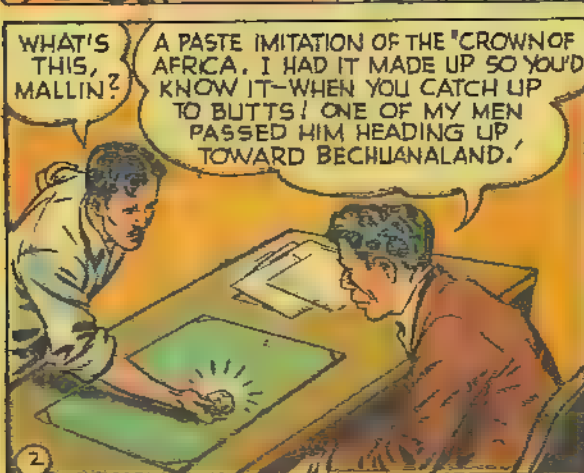


WHAT'S THIS, MALLIN?

A PASTE IMITATION OF THE "CROWN OF AFRICA". I HAD IT MADE UP SO YOU'D KNOW IT—WHEN YOU CATCH UP TO BUTTS! ONE OF MY MEN PASSED HIM HEADING UP TOWARD BECHUANALAND.

COME TO THINK OF IT, I'D BETTER GO ALONG WITH YOU. THE 'CROWN' IS TOO VALUABLE A STONE TO TAKE ANY RISKS. TOGETHER, WE STAND A BETTER CHANCE!

ALL RIGHT. LET'S GET GOING!



PRESENTLY, DEEP IN THE ASBESTOS MOUNTAINS—

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, CONGO. WE'VE BEEN ON HIS TRAIL FOR DAYS, YET WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM.

IF HE'S AS CLEVER AS YOU SAY, HE'D HIDE HIS TRACKS!...WHEW! WHY'D YOU BRING THAT ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP ALONG? ISN'T THE TROPICAL SUN ENOUGH FOR YOU?



THAT'S JUST IT! IT'S *TOO MUCH!* SO I PROTECT MYSELF AGAINST IT, AND MAKE UP FOR THE LACK BY USING ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT!



SAY! I SEE A MAN AND A PACK MULE! PASSING OVER A RIDGE!

THEN WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! I'LL HAVE A LOOK MYSELF!



HMMM...HE MUST HAVE GONE OVER THE RIDGE. CAN'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF HIM NOW!

BUT WE KNOW HIS DIRECTION. WE'LL CATCH HIM! COME ON!



ACROSS THE KAAP PLATEAU AND THROUGH THE ASBESTOS RANGE THE MANHUNTERS RACE...

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THERE IS A JACK BUTTS. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S SEEN HIM. MAYBE YOU MADE A MISTAKE!

HUH? IS HE GETTING WISE TO ME?



BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM NOW, AND FORGET MY ORIGINAL PLAN TO USE HIM AS A WITNESS TO OUR 'CHASE!' THIS WAY IT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT.



AS HIS SUPPORT SLIPS FROM UNDER HIM, CONGO BILL HURLS HIMSELF LIKE A ROCKET THROUGH THE AIR...

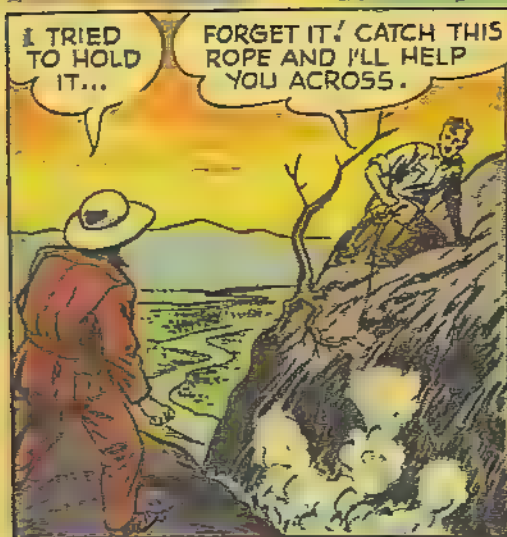


FOR ONE AGONIZED INSTANT, HIS HANDS SLIP ON SHALE ROCK. AND THEN HIS FINGERS SEIZE A TOUGH JUNGLE ROOT...



I TRIED TO HOLD IT...

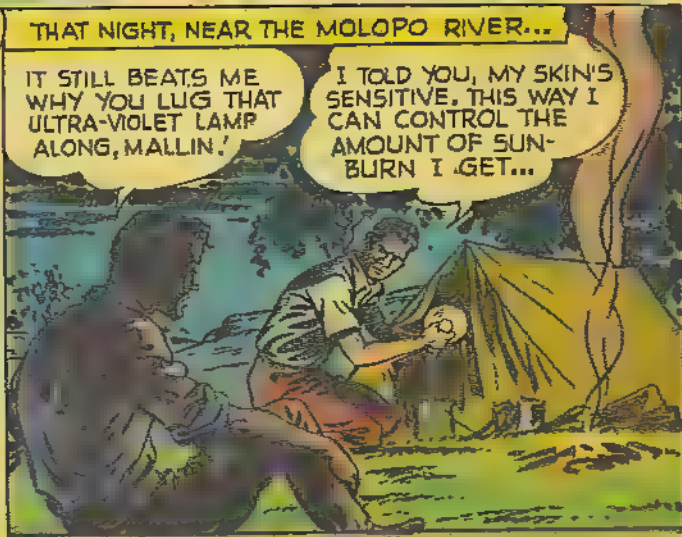
FORGET IT! CATCH THIS ROPE AND I'LL HELP YOU ACROSS.



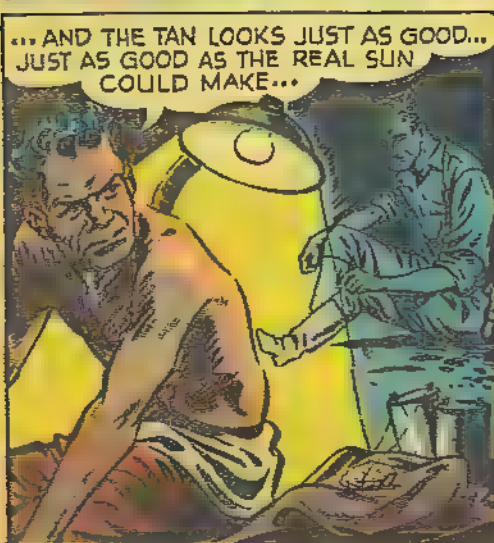
THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE MOLOPO RIVER...

IT STILL BEATS ME WHY YOU LUG THAT ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP ALONG, MALLIN!

I TOLD YOU, MY SKIN'S SENSITIVE. THIS WAY I CAN CONTROL THE AMOUNT OF SUN-BURN I GET...



... AND THE TAN LOOKS JUST AS GOOD... JUST AS GOOD AS THE REAL SUN COULD MAKE...



WHILE MALLIN SLEEPS THAT NIGHT, CONGO BILL LIES AWAKE, THINKING... SUDDENLY HE SEES SOMETHING THAT MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR!

THAT PASTE DIAMOND! IT'S GLOWING LIKE A LIGHT BULB. 'HMM... NOW I KNOW WHAT I ONLY SUSPECTED BEFORE - THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT WITH THE LOG-BRIDGE - MALLIN TRIED TO KILL ME.'



NEXT MORNING...

I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL! IF HE TRIED TO KILL ME ONCE, HE'LL TRY IT AGAIN, UNLESS I PREVENT HIS BECOMING SUSPICIOUS.

I NEVER KNEW YOU TO LIE IN BED SO LATE. LET'S GET A MOVE ON!

AFRAID I CAN'T, MALLIN. MY FOOT HURTS. I MUST HAVE INJURED IT, JUMPING OFF THAT LOG TO SAFETY.

BUT-BUT THAT MEANS BUTT WILL GET AWAY! WHAT ABOUT WORLD-WIDE? WHAT ABOUT ME?

I NEVER FAILED ON AN ASSIGNMENT BEFORE, BUT I JUST CAN'T GO ON. YOU CAN REPORT ME AS A QUITTER IF YOU LIKE. BUTTS IS LUCKY. HE'LL GETAWAY EASILY NOW.

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

FOR THREE DAYS CONGO BILL RESTS HIS FOOT... NOTICING THAT MALLIN HUMS TO HIMSELF, SEEMINGLY UNCONCERNED ABOUT THE LOSS OF THE GREAT DIAMOND. ON THE FOURTH DAY...

FEELS FINE. I'M READY TO GO, NOW. SIT DOWN AND LET ME GET YOU SOME BREAKFAST! THEN WE'LL BE OFF...

FOOT ALL BETTER?

CAREFUL, HERE, THESE MOUNTAIN STREAMS ARE PLENTY TREACHEROUS.

I MUST SAY YOU'RE TAKING MIGHTY GOOD CARE OF ME!

HE'S BEGINNING TO TRUST ME. I'VE CONVINCED HIM THAT I BELIEVE HIS STORY ABOUT BUTTS STEALING THE DIAMOND!

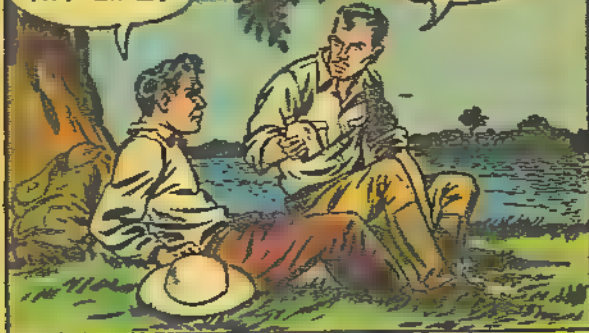
THEN, STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE TWO MANHUNTERS, AND FEARING THAT ITS FRESH KILL WILL BE STOLEN BY THESE NEW DANGERS, A LEOPARD SNARLS AND LEAPS.



SLOWLY, THE TWO TRAVELERS PROCEED BACK TOWARD THE COAST...

THAT WAS A FINE THING YOU DID, RISKING YOUR NECK TO SAVE MY LIFE!

FORGET IT. FINISH THE WATER, MALLIN. YOU NEED IT MORE THAN I DO.



DAYS LATER, THE EXHAUSTED DUO ENTERS CAPETOWN...

I'LL PUT IN A GOOD REPORT TO WORLD-WIDE - EVEN IF WE DIDN'T RECOVER THE "CROWN OF AFRICA" AND BUTTS ESCAPED!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE *WRONG*, MALLIN. WE *DID* RECOVER THE DIAMOND - AND THERE WASN'T ANY JACK BUTTS TO BEGIN WITH!



YOU'RE CRAZY!

YOU FOOLED ME AT FIRST ON THAT JACK BUTTS STORY. YOU MADE HIM UP. AND THAT PASTE DIAMOND YOU HAVE - IT'S THE *REAL* "CROWN OF AFRICA"!



WHEN I SAW THIS "PASTE" DIAMOND GLOW AFTER EXPOSURE TO THAT ULTRA-VIOLET LAMP, I KNEW THE WHOLE TRUTH! ONLY *REAL* DIAMONDS GLOW UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS! YOU TRIED TO PUT YOURSELF IN THE CLEAR BY ARRANGING A WILD-GOOSE CHASE. BUT YOUR DESIRE FOR A SAFE SUN-TAN RUINED ALL YOUR PLANS!

THE END





TOMMORROW

THE TIME '888 THE PLACE ASTEROID
DEATH THE EVENT A DARING
MILITARY BY AN ELUSIVE SPACE CRIMINAL
AND OF THE TOMMORROW OF THE
PLANETARY SERVES AS AN INTERPLANETARY
LOP ON A WILD CHASE TO OTHER
WORLDS THE UNIVERSE IS THE LIMIT IN
THIS THRILLING CHILING SAGA OF FUTURE
ADVENTURE AS THE MAN OF TOMMORROW WINS
ON AND UNCOVERS AN AMAZING MYSTERY IN

THE CHASE THROUGH SPACE I



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CLANES

THOSE TWO
TEARS
ROBOT TEARS
AND EYES
STEARERS & THE
TACK TACKS

OF AN IMPENDING
A BREACH THAT

100

[illegible]

HERE'S THE ANSWER: WE
DON'T WANT IT TO
AUTOMATICALLY OPEN THE LOCKS
WHEN A SHIP APPROACHES.

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[illegible]



BL' TOMMY TOMORROW TRAINED
AS A PILOT, HE KNOWS
HE'S AN OPEN MAN, S'LL NEED
FOR ONLY AN INSTANT

WANT A MINUTE THAT LMET
DISPLAYS NO GRAVITATIONAL PULL
THAT MEANS IT'S AFAKE
PRETTY LEEVER EAGLE
ALL



BLAS' T MY TRICK
FAIT' I WANT I
SHORE THAT JULY
SOMEHOW ALL TRY
TO GET HIM IN
THE MIDDLE WAY
I KNOW HOW TO
NUNCE LET
ME GO & GOING
AT ULTRA SPEED!



BUT
TOMMY
TOMORROW WAS
A
SHALL BEING
AND AS TWO
MILES PASS
HE STEALY
DRIVES CLOSER
TO THE
FUGITIVE

I'M WITHIN
RAY GUN RANGE!
HE'S OUT TO
TUEN AT BAY
AND FIGHT
AND



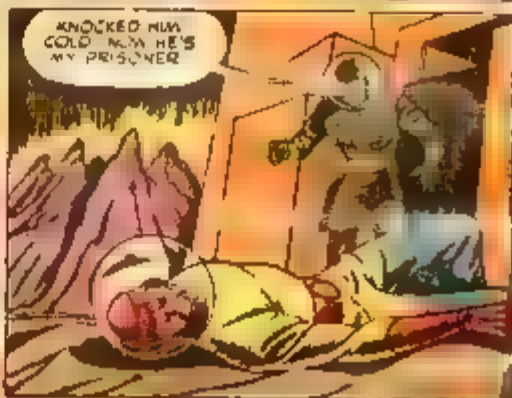
THESE TWO ARE IN LINE WITH A WIDE BETWEEN

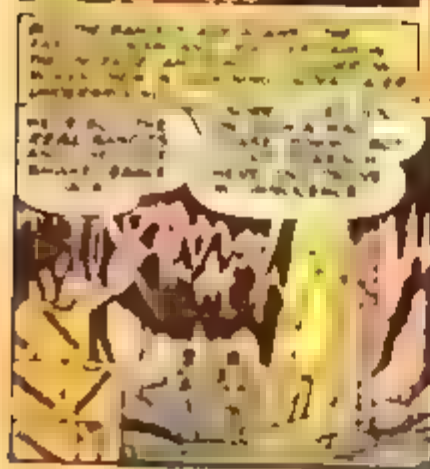
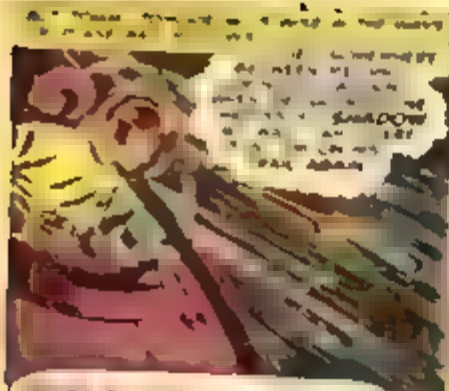


TOMMY TOMORROW IN A SPEED
ALLWAY, S'LL GET HIM IN EASY
AND DRIVES HIM THE NEARBY MOON
TO EAT HIM



THINKS HE'S IN + HE TRIPPED
ON THE MOUNTAIN
SHOW HIM



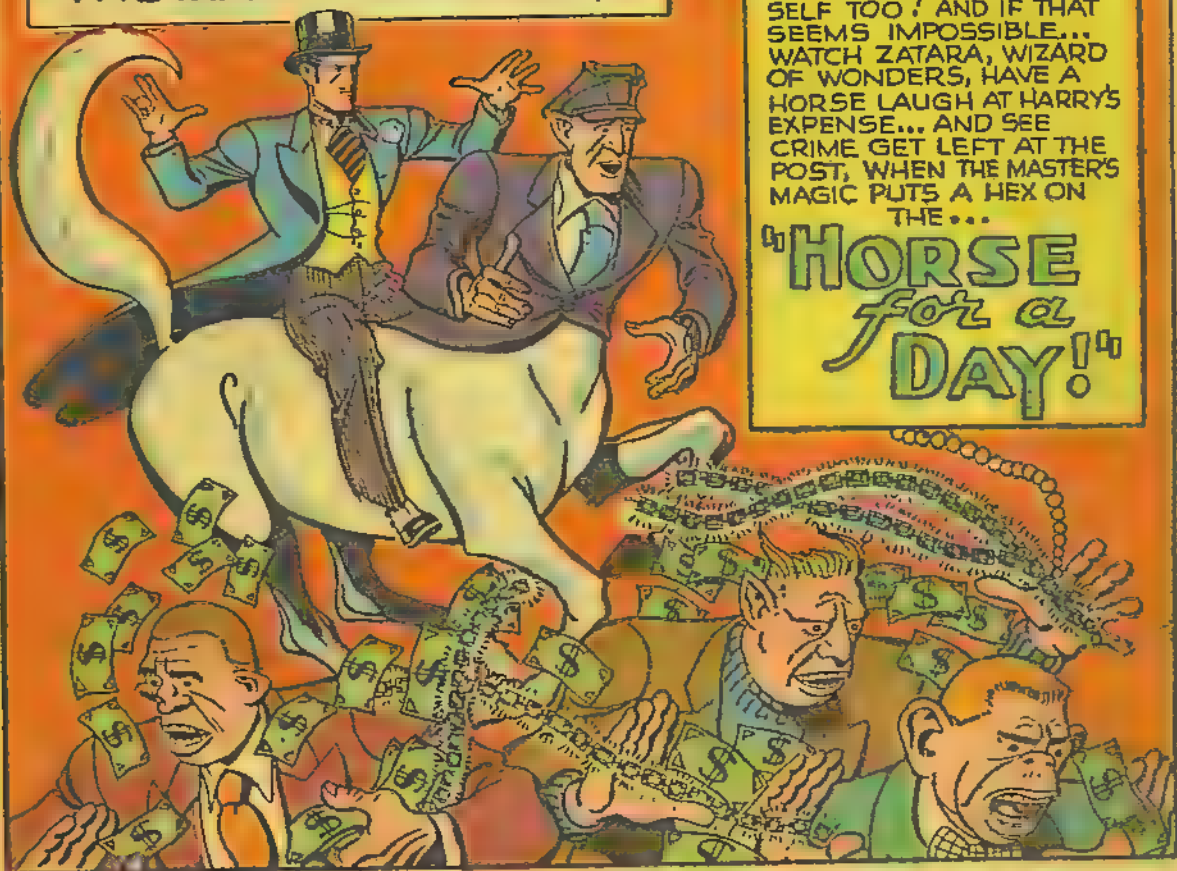


ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN HARRY DOUBLE-CROSSED HIS PALS... BUT IT WAS A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR WHEN HE DOUBLE-CROSSED HIMSELF TOO! AND IF THAT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE... WATCH ZATARA, WIZARD OF WONDERS, HAVE A HORSE LAUGH AT HARRY'S EXPENSE... AND SEE CRIME GET LEFT AT THE POST, WHEN THE MASTER'S MAGIC PUTS A HEX ON THE...

"HORSE for a DAY!"



IN A CONVICT ROAD-GANG, THREE PRISONERS REST FROM THEIR ROCK-BREAKING TOIL...

WHAT A COME-DOWN! TO THINK OF ME, OX OLSEN, ONCE A CIRCUS STRONG MAN, USING MY STRENGTH ON THESE ROCKS!

AND ME, APE ANDERSON ...FROM CON MAN TO CONVICT!

THAT'S NOTHING! I'M THE ONE THAT MADE THE REAL COME-DOWN! KNOW WHY THEY CALL ME HARRY THE HORSE?

BECAUSE YOU WORK LIKE A HORSE?



NO, BECAUSE I REALLY WAS A HORSE ONCE... HORSE FOR A DAY!



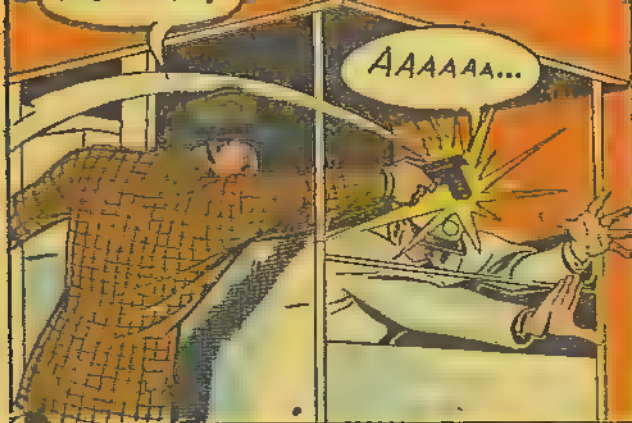
"IT STARTED ONE MORNING WHEN WE WERE SET TO PULL A JOB...THE COPS WERE WATCHING, SO I NEEDED A DISGUISE, AND..."

THE COPPERS WOULD NEVER SUSPECT A MILKMAN... THAT'S IT!



GO BACK TO SLEEP, SAP... I'M MAKIN' THE DELIVERIES THIS MORNING!

AAAAAA...



GET MOVIN', NAG... STOP HOLDIN' OUT BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR NEW DRIVER!



"I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT ZATARA, THE FAMOUS MAGICIAN, WAS NEAR, UNTIL SUDDENLY HE USED SOME MAGIC WORDS I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND..."

I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO BEAT ANIMALS! ESROH, PIHW MIH!*



*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.

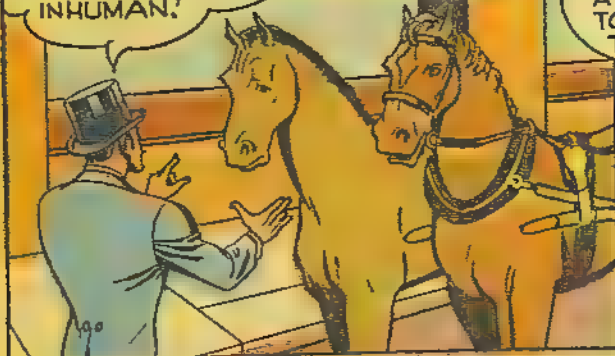
HEY! STOP! I'LL SHOOT YOU FOR THAT!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T LEARNED YOUR LESSON. BUT I KNOW A SURE WAY TO TEACH YOU... EMOCEB ESROH!



"SUDDENLY, I HAD A FUNNY FEELING... AND THERE I WAS, ALONGSIDE THE OTHER HORSE... A HORSE MYSELF."

YOU'RE A HORSE FOR A DAY! YOU'LL LEARN WHAT IT MEANS! THEN MAYBE YOU WON'T BE SO INHUMAN!



"YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW I FELT WHEN THE NEXT MINUTE A MOUNTED COP SHOWS UP..."

CAN YOU BEAT THE LUCK? MY HORSE DROPPED A SHOE... I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO THE STABLE!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT, OFFICER! I'VE SEEN CROOKS AROUND HERE... WHY DON'T YOU USE *THIS* HORSE?



GOOD IDEA, ZATARA!

ME HELPIN' THE COPPERS... DOUBLE-CROSSIN' MY OWN GANG! I CAN'T TAKE IT... I'LL THROW HIM OFF...

NO, YOU DON'T... I'M ON TO HORSE TRICKS! GET GOING!

OWWWW... ... BEATIN' A POOR DEFENSELESS HORSE!

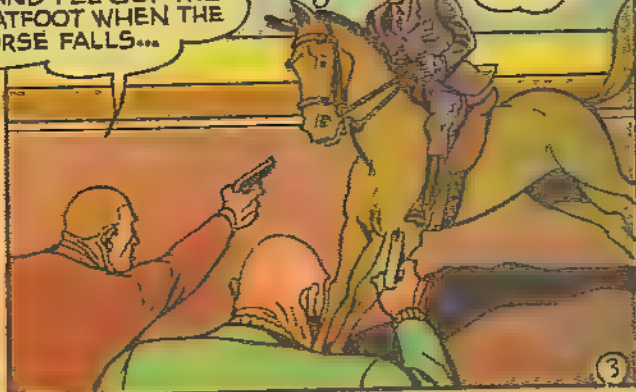
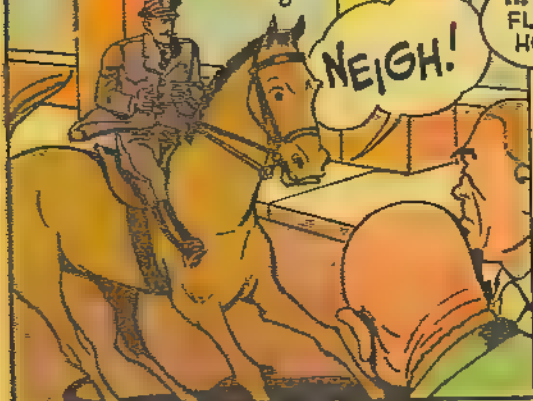


THERE'S LOUIE AND SLUGGER... I BETTER WARN THEM...

"BUT THE SAPS DIDN'T REGOGNIZE ME... AND WHEN THEY SAW THE COP HEADIN' FOR THEM..."

I'LL AIM FOR THE NAG... HE'S TOO BIG TO MISS... AND I'LL GET THE FLATFOOT WHEN THE HORSE FALLS...

YIII... DON'T SHOOT ME! I'M YOUR PAL!



"SUDDENLY...THERE WAS ZATARA NEAR ME... AND WAS I GLAD HE TALKED FAST!"

ESROH, EHTAERB ERIF TA MEHT!

THIS SCORCHES MY NOSTRILS ... BUT IT'S BETTER THAN BEING SHOT!



NEVER MIND THOSE TWO... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! BETTER STOP THE PAYROLL ROBBERY THEIR GANG IS PULLING ON THE NEXT STREET!



"AS I GALLOPED DOWN THE STREET, I COULD SEE WHAT ZATARA DID TO THEM!"

YOU'LL TIRE YOURSELF OUT MOVING SO FAST... **EMOCEB SEERT!**

HEY... I CAN'T MOVE MY FEET!



LEMME GO, ZATARA, OR I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

HMM, YOUR YELP IS WIDGER THAN YOUR BARK! THE GROUND WILL HOLD YOU FOR THE POLICE...NOW FOR YOUR PALS...



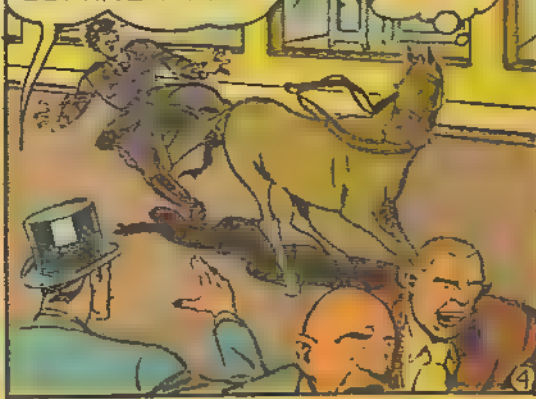
THEY SEEM TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF... MAYBE I CAN GIVE MY MAGIC A REST...

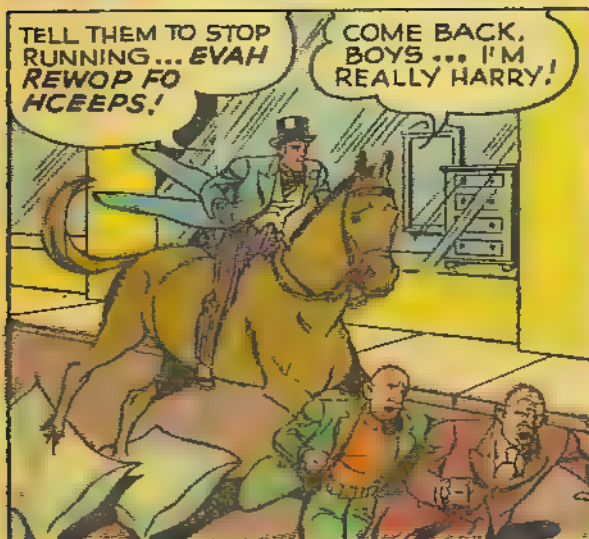
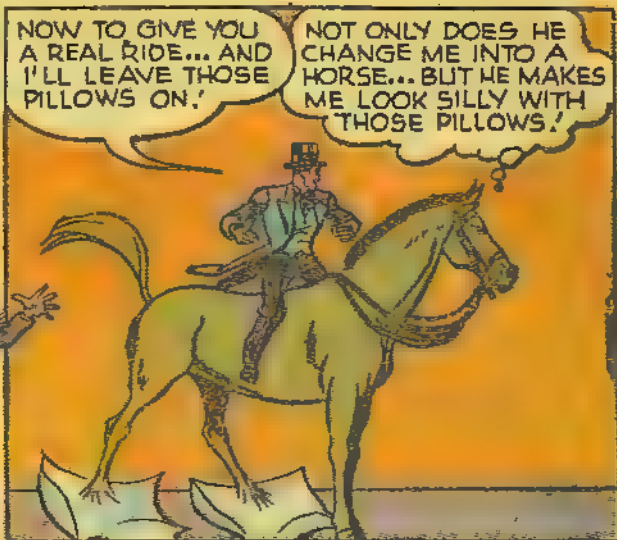


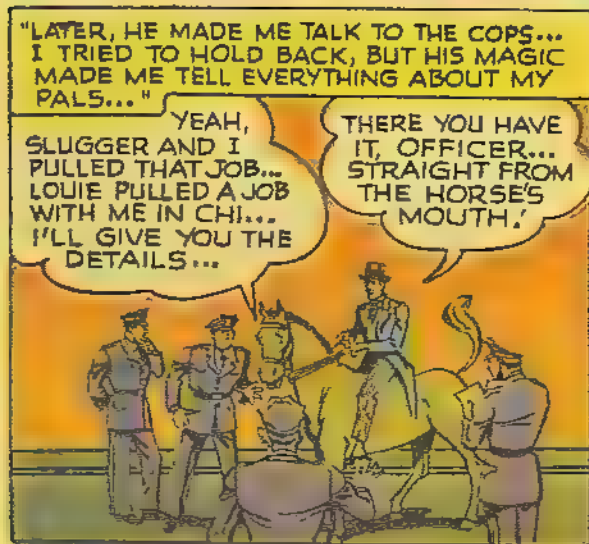
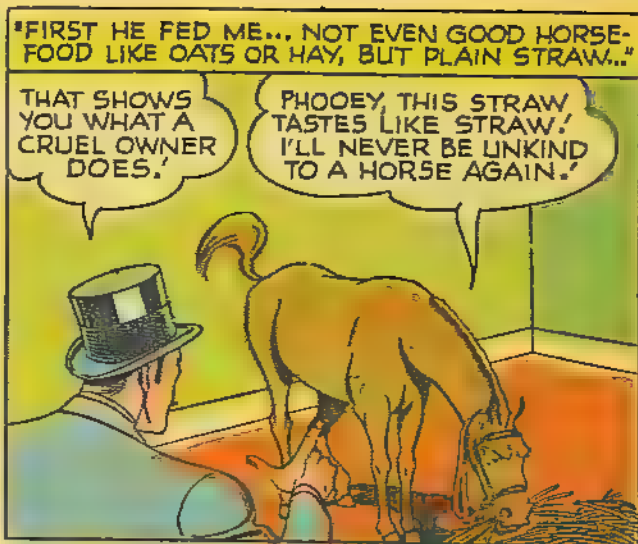
"BUT UNEXPECTEDLY..."

HE PUT THE SADDLE ON CARELESSLY... THE THUGS ARE GETTING AWAY...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO FIX THIS COP...







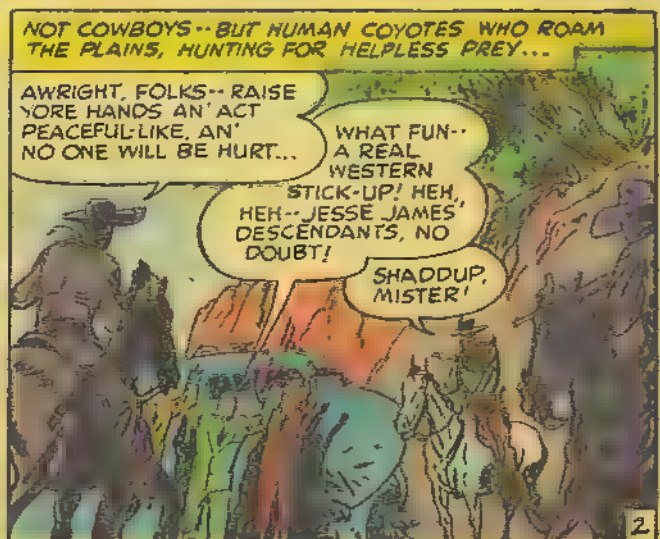
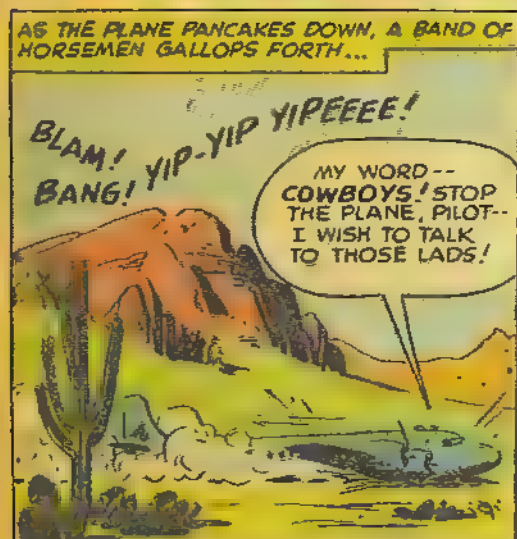
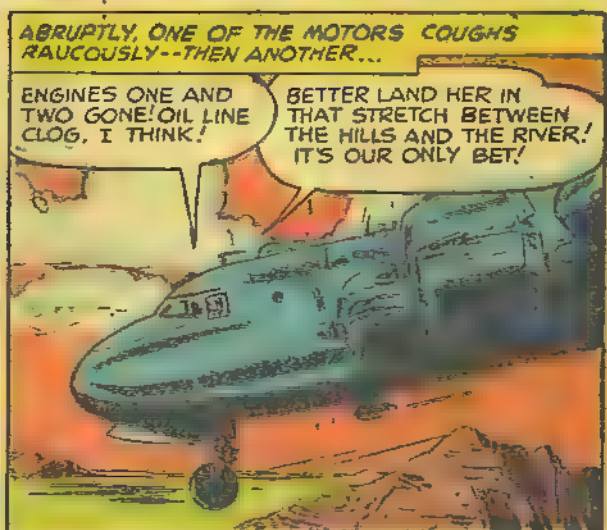
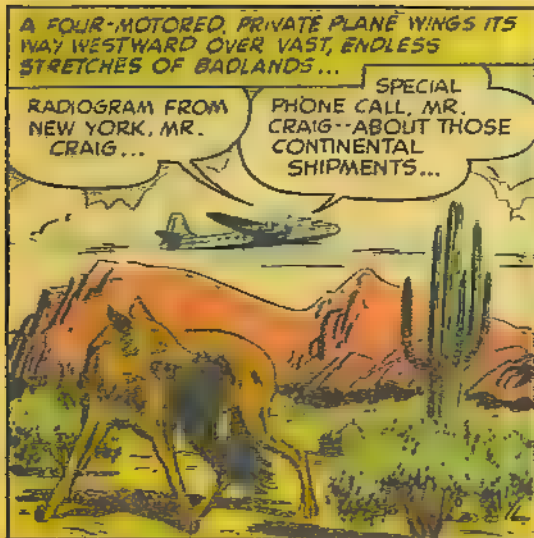


VIGILANTE

DON'T LET ANYBODY TELL YOU THAT EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST--AND THAT THE TWIN SHALL NEVER MEET! BECAUSE IN THIS UNIQUE SAGA OF THE EAST-WEST, THEY *DO* MEET...WITH A RESOUNDING CLASH! BECAUSE THIS TIME *THE VIGILANTE*, FAMED WESTERN WARRIOR, RIDES HERD ON SAGEBRUSH BANDITS RIGHT IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, AS HE BECOMES...

"The COWBOY from BROADWAY"





WHILE ABOVE, ON A CRAGGY RISE, TWO FIGURES APPROACH QUIETLY... THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF, HIS YOUNG COMPANION...

IT'S THE JEB SANDE GANG, STUFF! THE END O' THE HUNT! NOW CLIMB OUT ON THAT COTTONWOOD LIMB WHILE I TOSS THE ROPE OVER...

SHORE, VIG.



NOW DROP YORE WALLETS ON THE GROUND-- AN' DON'T NO ONE MAKE A BAD MOVE! THIS SIX-GUN O' MINE DON'T LIKE BAD MOVES!



IN A MOMENT, TWO FIGURES GLIDE SILENTLY FROM ABOVE, AND...

ALLRIGHT, STUFF... HERE WE GO!...

YIPPEE! IT'S THE VIGILANTE! BOYS-- A REAL WESTERN FIGHT!



GET 'EM, VIG! YIP, YIP!

NOW, STUFF-- YORE MOVE!

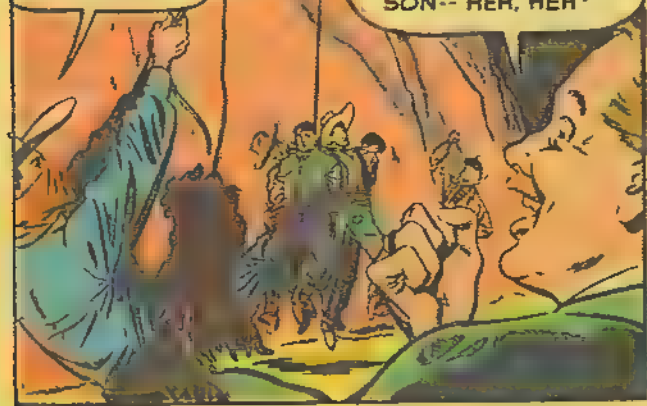
ALL SET!...



STUFF'S LASSO SNAKES EXPERTLY THROUGH THE AIR, SETTLING ABOUT THE OUTLAWS THEN...

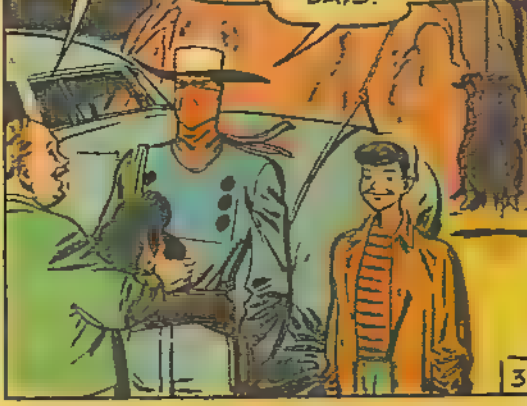
NICE WORK, PARD! THIS'LL HOLD 'EM FOR A SPELL!

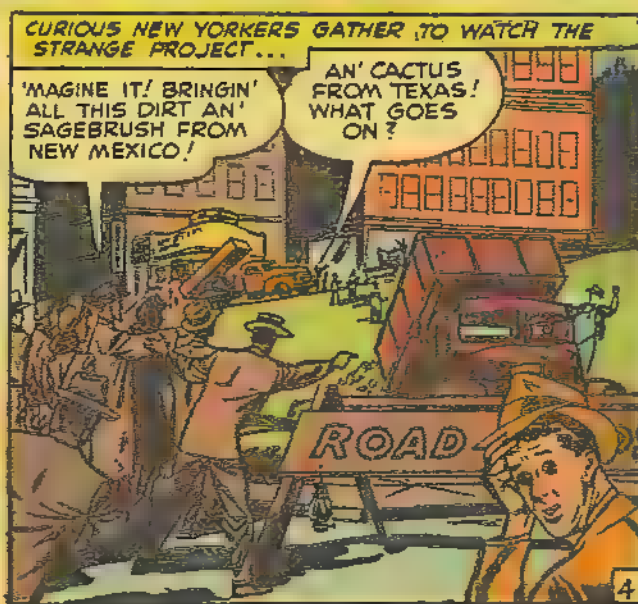
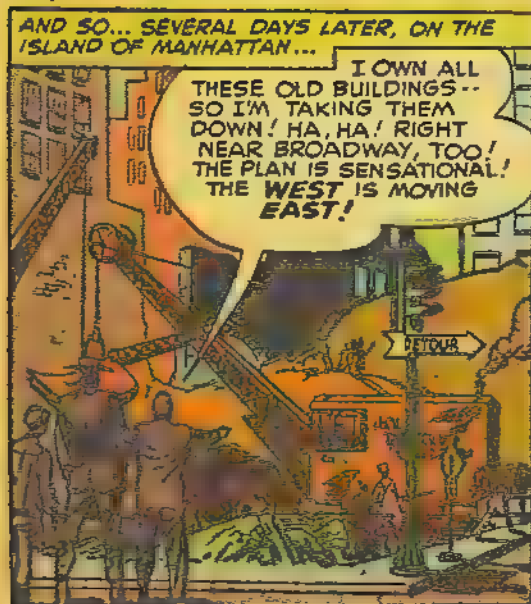
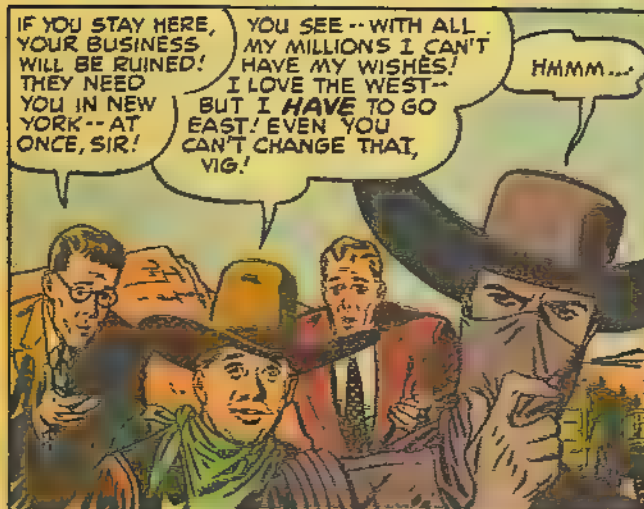
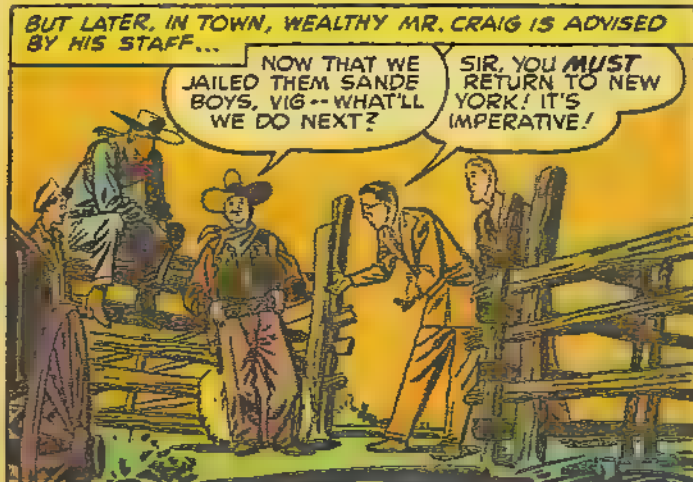
MARVELOUS! OLD HICKOCK WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD O' YUH, SON-- HEH, HEH!



SHAKE, FELLOW-- I MEAN PARD! WOWIE, WHAT A SCRAP!

ALL JOKING ASIDE, SIR, THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS-- AND ARE WANTED FOR RUSTLING AND MURDER! WE'VE BEEN TRAILIN' 'EM FOR TWO DAYS!





A DAY LATER, BAWLING LONGHORNS ARE UNLOADED FROM CATTLE CARS...

GET ALONG THERE--
YIPPEE! KEEP 'EM
GOIN' FAST, BOYS!



AND COWHANDS, IMPORTED FROM THE WESTERN PLAINS, RIDE IN A COLORFUL PARADE THROUGH TIMES SQUARE...

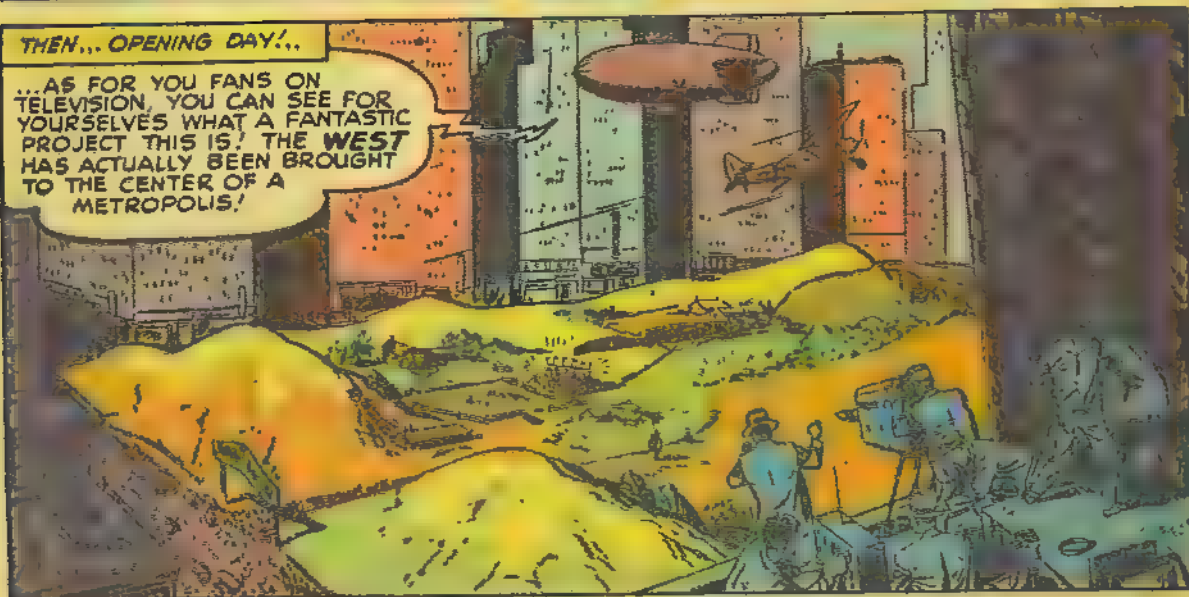
WELL, MR CRAIG, THIS
ABOUT COMPLETES YOUR
WESTERN TOWN!

IT'S TERRIFIC! I'M
OPENING UP TOMORROW!



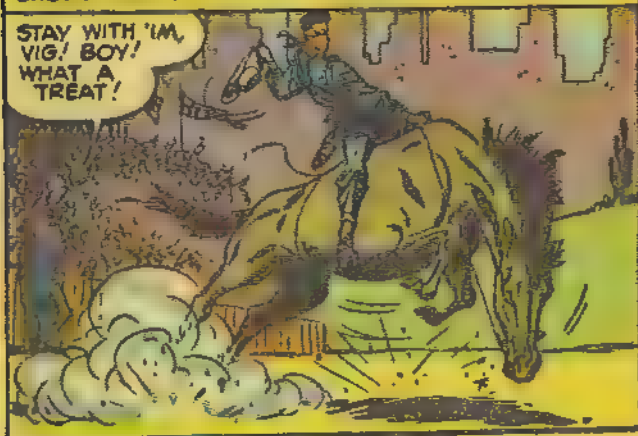
THEN... OPENING DAY!..

...AS FOR YOU FANS ON
TELEVISION, YOU CAN SEE FOR
YOURSELVES WHAT A FANTASTIC
PROJECT THIS IS! THE **WEST**
HAS ACTUALLY BEEN BROUGHT
TO THE CENTER OF A
METROPOLIS!



WITH THE VIGILANTE AS A STAR PERFORMER, RODEO
SHOWS ARE GIVEN FREE FOR THE CITY CHILDREN...

STAY WITH 'IM,
VIG! BOY!
WHAT A
TREAT!



BUT AT THIS TIME, SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS,
A SINISTER PLOT BEGINS TO TAKE
SHAPE FOR MEMBERS OF THE JEB
SANDÉ GANG HAVE BROKEN JAIL!...

SINCE JEB GOT THE
CHAIR YOU'RE THE BOSS,
LUKE! WHAT'S OUR
PLANS?

WE'RE GOIN'
EAST, BOYS!
LOOKIT THIS
PAPER!...



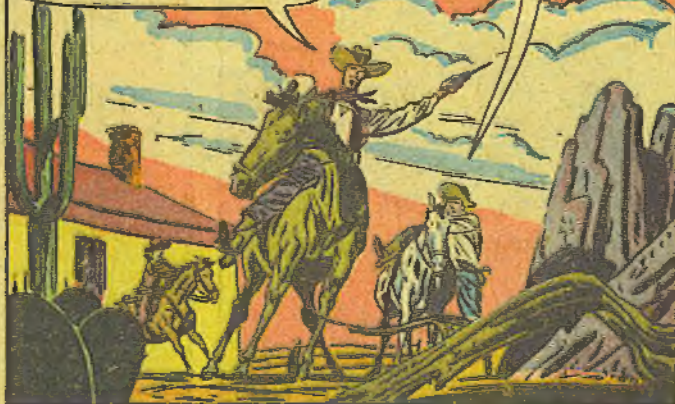
EAST? WHAT WE GOIN' EAST FOR, LUKE?

TO GET REVENGE FOR JEB! I TOLD YUH I'D EVEN UP WITH THAT VIGILANTE FELLER! LOOK...



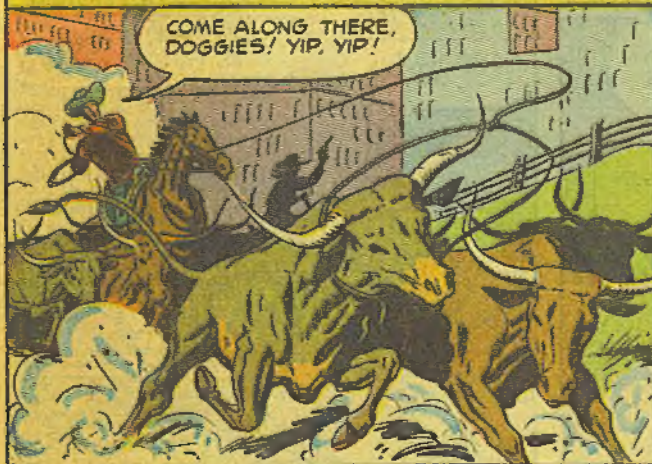
WE'RE GONNA MAKE THINGS SO TOUGH FOR VIGILANTE IN NEW YORK THAT HE'LL WISH HE NEVER LAID EYES ON US! START RIDIN' PRONTO!

WON'T HE BE S'PRISED WHEN WE SHOW UP! HAW, HAW!



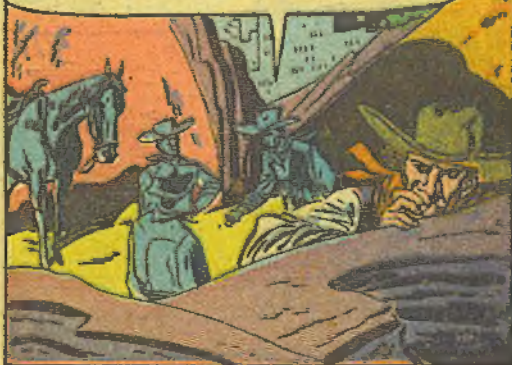
A WEEK LATER--ROUND-UP TIME ON THE "RANGE!"... RIGHT IN THE SHADOW OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

COME ALONG THERE, DOGGIES! YIP, YIP!



MEANWHILE, IN AN ARROYO ON THE 5TH AVENUE SIDE OF THE RANCH...

IT'S GETTIN' DARK.. SO FAR, SO GOOD! THEY AIN'T MUCH ON THE RANCH WORTH STEALIN'... BUT THE TOWN'S FULL O' GOOD JOBS TO PULL...



YUH TAKE THEM BUSSES THAT RUN UP THE STREETS! I KNOW A PLAN TO BLOCK 'EM OFF AN' GET THE CASH! GATHER 'ROUN' AN' LISTEN...

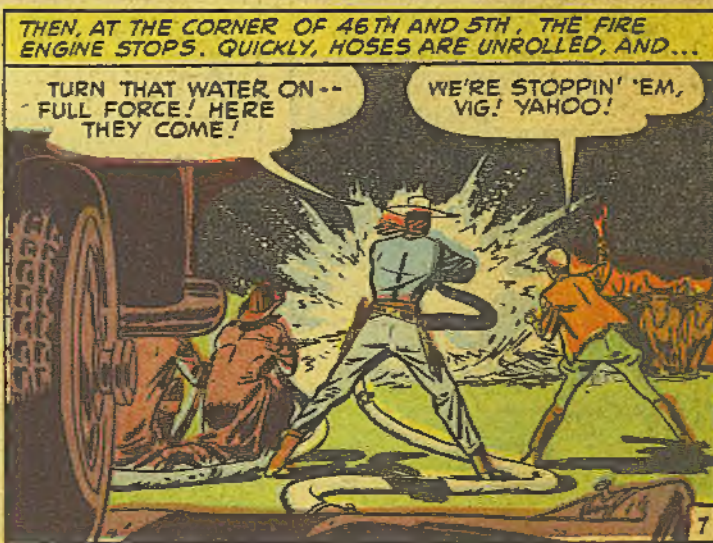
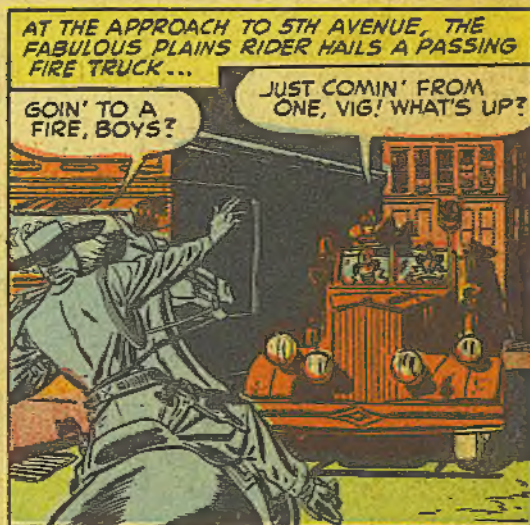
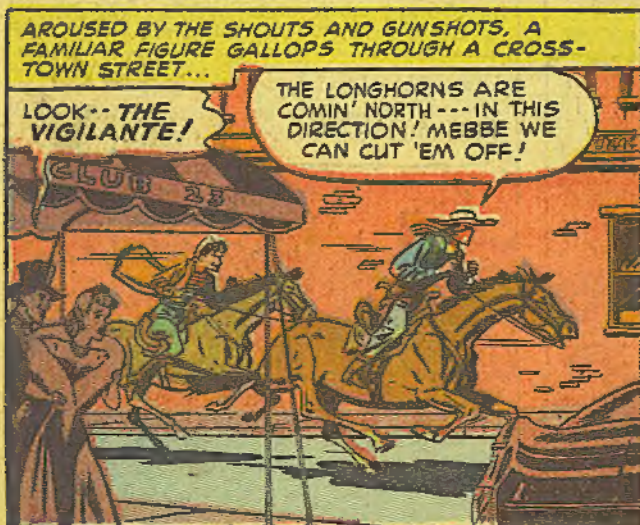
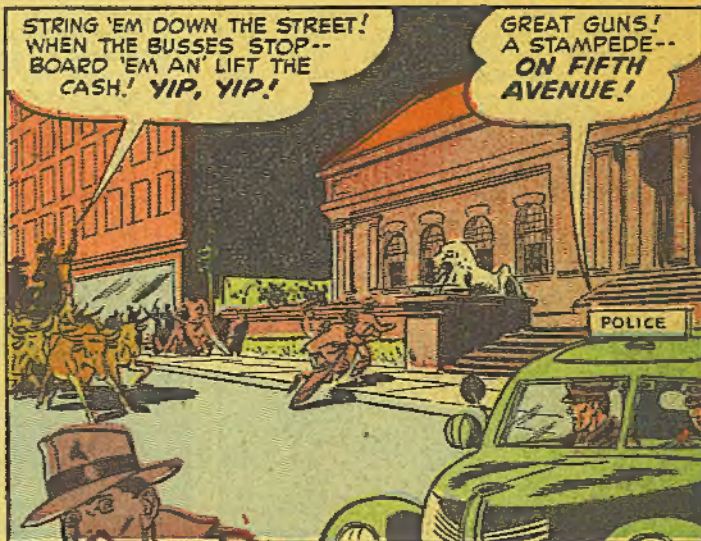


AFTERWARDS, WHEN NIGHT FALLS, STEALTHY FIGURES CREEP ABOUT THE CATTLE FENCINGS, AND...

PETE AN' KILEY GOT THE GUARDS... NOW LET THE STEERS OUT! THE BOYS'LL GET 'EM RUNNIN' FROM THE FAR SIDE!

OKAY, LUKE!





THANKS TO THE VIGILANTE'S QUICK ACTION WITH THE POWERFUL HOSES, THE STEERS ARE TURNED BACK TO THE RANCH. LATER...

SO SOME COYOTE SNEAKED UP AN' CONKED YUH, EH? THEN THE STAMPEDE WAS NO ACCIDENT!

NO... THEN WHAT COULD'VE STARTED IT?



DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, MR. CRAIG! BUT I SHORE AIM TO FIND OUT! COME ON, STUFF!

HERE IN NEW YORK I GOT WAYS O' KEEPIN' AN EYE ON A RANCH-- SO I CAN SEE EVERYTHING AT ONCE!



THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE CORRALS...

THIS TIME WE WON'T MISS! WE'LL TURN THE HOSSES LOOSE FIRST-- THEN NO ONE CAN RIDE AFTER US!

I DON'T LIKE IT, LUKE! THERE AIN'T NO GUARDS AROUND!

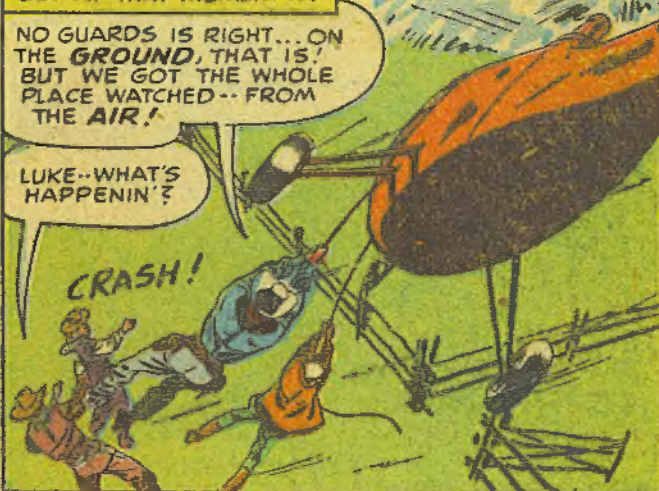


BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

NO GUARDS IS RIGHT... ON THE GROUND, THAT IS! BUT WE GOT THE WHOLE PLACE WATCHED-- FROM THE AIR!

LUKE--WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

CRASH!



DROP NOW, STUFF!-- AN HIT 'EM HARD!

CRASH!
WHAM!



WITHIN BRIEF MOMENTS, OTHER RANCH HANDS APPEAR ON THE SCENE, AND...

PART O' THE JEB SANDE GANG-- COME EAST TO GET VENGEANCE! BUT WITH THE CONTRAPIONS YUH GOT HERE, CATCHIN' BANDITS IS NO BIG TASK! THEY'RE GOIN' BACK TO JAIL!

HOT DOG! RUNNIN' THIS PLACE IS FUN... PARD! JESS JAMES SURE MISSED IT, EH?



MERRY CHRISTMAS, PARTNER!



**THANKS, RED RYDER! THIS
NEW HANDBOOK
HELPED ME GET
MY DAISY!**

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